

3<sup>rd</sup> EDITION

## SHE STOOD BESIDE THE ALTAR

AN ADMIR'D

## BALLAD,

*selected from the*

NEW YORK MIRROR,

*composed and arranged by*

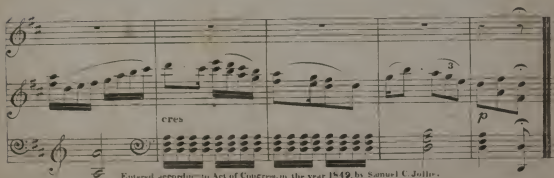
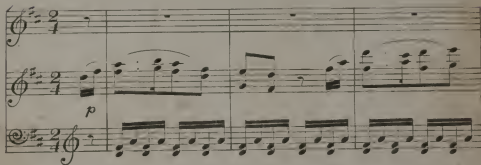
WILLIAM CLIFTON.

NEW YORK, Published by S. G. JOLLIE, No. 300 Broadway

VOCE.

Andante  
con

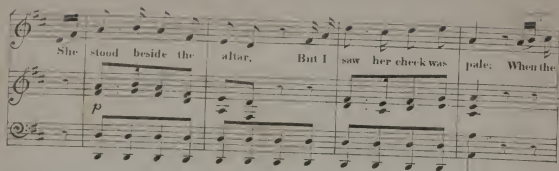
Espresso.



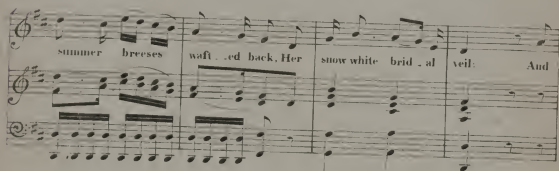
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Samuel C. Jollie,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

She stood beside the altar, But I saw her cheek was pale; When the

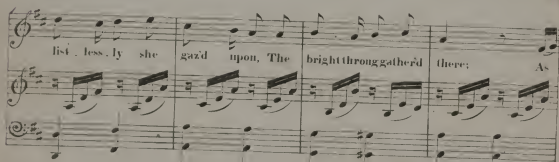
*p*



summer breezes wafted back, Her snow white bridal veil; And

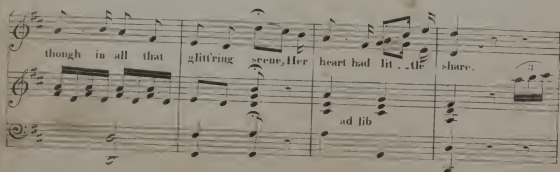


listless, ly she gazed upon, The bright throng gathered there; As



though in all that glittering scene, Her heart had little share.

*ad lib*





## • 2 •

The bridegroom's mien was stern and dark,  
 And with an air of pride  
 He rais'd the trembling hand of that  
 Young victim at his side,  
 And prouder still the father look'd,  
 As near he took his stand,  
 And hail'd his lovely daughter—  
 A peeress of the land!

O, what a glance she gave him then!  
 It was so full of wo,  
 There needed not the pow'r of words  
 Her wretchedness to show,  
 But quickly, with a quiv'ring lip,  
 And one deep mournful sigh,  
 She turn'd away to hide the tears  
 That gather'd in her eye.

And well do I remember now,  
 A frank and gallant youth,  
 Who pledg'd unto that lovely one  
 A vow of endless truth;  
 But their fond dream of tenderness,  
 Full soon has pass'd away,  
 And hopes that once seem'd fresh and bright,  
 Have turn'd unto decay.

Oh, thou has learn'd that happiness,  
 On earth is never known,  
 But in the azure courts of heav'n  
 It flourishes alone;  
 And ere its ever verdant leaves,  
 Can greet the weary eye,  
 We must toil through a wilderness,  
 And then lie down and die!

